Borrowed Flesh

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Borrowed Flesh

by Yserah

Summary

"Ivan, what's wrong?"

Everything is wrong.

An Alpha like Ivan shouldn't have woken up again. But he opens his eyes in the body of an Omega version of himself. Reincarnation, possession, or something in between, he doesn't know.

All he knows is that Till is here, holding him like a lover, in a world that was never his.

_
Or

Alpha Ivan woke up as an Omega after committing suicide.

_
The final sequel to "***For What I'm Not***."

(*You don't need to read the main fic to follow this one, but it's highly recommended for better experience*.)

[**HIATUS**]

Notes

The final sequel finally is here‼□(ꗃдꗃ;)
This story takes place after Ivan's death, so please know, it contains major spoilers for the main fic.

In the first sequel, Till and Ivan were given their happy ending, and I thought that would be enough. But then another idea came to me, what if Ivan's story didn't end when he jumped? What if he was given one last chance?

I asked for your thoughts, and while some of you felt unsure (which I deeply understand), so many of you gave me the courage to try..

Maybe this is my way of saying goodbye to their story… but more than that, I want to give Ivan the acceptance he deserves, and show a Till who has grown into someone capable of loving him completely.

This will be a short sequel, around five chapters, and it will be heavy with angst again. But I promise you, a gentle ending waits at the end of it.

Thank you so bad for staying with me through this journey. Your support has meant more than I can ever put into words. I hope this last chapter of their lives can also mean something to you.

Enjoy! Ahahaha.. *scratches head*

Chapter 1: The Fallen Man

Chapter Summary

Ivan wasn't stupid.

Through the haze of exhaustion, through the comforting weight of that scent wrapping around him, he knew. This wasn't his Till.

Could he even call him his?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The wind had swallowed him whole.

It roared past his ears, tore at his coat, tugged tears into salty tracks down his face. The city below reduced itself to a smear of light and dark, an abstract someone had painted with trembling hands.

For a moment Ivan let the blur hold him, let the world fall away until all that mattered was the hollow in his chest that at last felt like an unfurling.

He laughed once, quietly—no triumph in it, only a soft, strange relief and the sound was gone before it could finish. His lips curved though his eyes burned.

'How nice it was... to love you.'

Freedom felt small and terrible and exactly what he'd wanted.

He tipped his face to the moon, felt the thin sky press cold against his

skin, and said the thing that had sat like a stone in his throat for years.

“Good bye, Till.”

CRACK.

The world welcomed him home.

Lights.

Burning.

Blinding—

Not the dark he had expected. Not the soft quiet of oblivion. It was white and too-bright, a ceiling too close, the smell of disinfectant biting his nose. Voices crowded him—sharp, efficient, frantic as if someone had poured a thousand urgent sentences into his ears at once.

“I need another unit!”

“BP’s falling—now—”

“Hold him—keep him breathing—”

He tried to sit up. His limbs refused. They were lead, or cotton, or someone else’s. He managed a twitch of a finger and then nothing more. The hospital lights smeared around the edges of his vision.

There was another thing in the air: a faint sweetness, delicate and a little foreign, threaded through the antiseptic. He registered it as a stray smell—flowers, maybe—before his head slid back into the quiet dark again.

When he came up the second time the sounds were distant, as if heard through water. The shouts swam and blurred; pieces of commands and patient names arrived like fragments of a language he only half-remembered. Each breath scraped his throat.

“Iv—”

“St—”

“W— me—!”

Someone said his name. Or it felt like his name. He couldn’t be sure. He wanted to ask, to demand to know where he was, how his body hadn’t broken the way he’d expected it to. But asking required more energy than he had. He kept thinking of the fall and the cold spreading across his palms and how it had felt like the only honest thing he could do.

And then darkness took him again.

The third time the quiet didn’t bite so much as press. It made his ears ring. It made the muscles along his spine ache. When his eyes opened they did so in small, slow increments: a strip of white ceiling, a blur of light overlaid with a shadow.

The shadow resolved into a face.

Familiar, too familiar—but not the boy he kept in his head. Till’s hair was cropped short now, the careless curtain of silver gone. His jaw was less soft. His shoulders were wider as if time had sharpened the angles of him. The effect was almost violent in its ordinary confidence.

Till’s mouth parted. He moved toward Ivan and then folded over him, pulling him inward with an urgency that was all raw edges and confession. He crushed Ivan to him like he was anchoring something that might slip away.

“I’m here,” Till said, voice torn, not loud but thick, the kind of sound that comes from having held in too much for too long.

Ivan didn’t cry. He didn’t have the energy to. Grief still felt like something that would come later, a weight he’d expect to press down when he could stand and look at himself properly. Right now his brain felt waterlogged, each thought slow and slippery. He was bewildered, exhausted, terribly awake in places and anesthetized in others.

Then the scent reached him fully.

Till’s pheromone, an Alpha’s presence in the air folded around Ivan like a blanket. It was not fierce so much as grounding. The clean, rain-sweet tang of petrichor over sun-warmed wood and something warm and metallic beneath it, like the memory of iron after a storm. It was enormous, but it didn’t shove. It steadied.

Whoever this Till had become, the scent carried an insistence that said: stay. Breathe. Be.

For reasons Ivan couldn’t name, his chest unclenched. The taut muscle beneath his ribs loosened by a fraction. The panic ebbing at the edges of his mind thinned as though something in the air coaxed him to hang on.

That was what shocked him most—not the embrace, not the sight of the changed face, but the small, ridiculous fact that the smell calmed him.

It should have been alien, invasive, another proof that this was not his place. Instead it pressed against him with an almost parental patience,

and the world tilted on that single axis.

Why are you here? His thoughts scraped the inside of his skull, jagged and stupid. *Why do you smell like that? Why am I—alive?*

He tried to translate the questions into sound and failed. The words lodged in his throat like stones. He could feel the questions, heavy and relentless, but there was barely force enough to shape them into a whisper.

Till's arms didn't loosen. His breath warmed Ivan's hairline. *I'm here*, Till repeated, softer this time, not pleading so much as affirming.

Ivan lay with his mind full of stale images—concrete, sky, the flower crown he had once wretchedly made—and the odd, small comfort of a scent that made him want to unclench even though everything else told him he should be falling apart.

He was too tired to fall apart yet. Confusion ate at him in slow, systematic bites. Exhaustion widened the fissures until he felt as if he were cracking from the inside out, but tears would have required a momentum he didn't possess.

For now there was only the hush of his breath and the fact of Till's steady weight against him, and the strange, reassuring insistence of that Alpha scent as it settled into his skin like an answer he couldn't accept.

Ivan wasn't stupid.

Through the haze of exhaustion, through the comforting weight of that scent wrapping around him, he knew. This wasn't his Till. Not when his Till is a Beta. Not whe—

Could he even call him his?

And yet—his chest still throbbed at the sound of that voice, at the tremor in those arms that clutched him like porcelain. Till was trembling. Holding him gently, desperately.

Deja vu. A scene that had happened before.

Or maybe—just another dream.

Yes, maybe this was still a dream. A cruel one.

Dream—

The door hissed open.

A doctor stepped inside. A familiar face. Ivan blinked, and recognition landed sharp. Doctor Jacob.

Till rose slowly, carefully, like he was leaving something fragile behind. He gave Ivan a small, reassuring smile—too fragile to believe in and then followed Jacob out of the room.

Ivan's lashes lowered. Through the small glass pane of the door, he watched them.

Till's smile faltered into something grim. His lips moved fast. Anger twisted across his face. His hand cut the air as if to silence the doctor. For a moment, he looked like he would yell.

A nurse slipped inside, soft-footed, carrying the scent of starch and fear. Ivan lifted his eyes. He didn't speak but his gaze asked the question for him.

What's happening?

The nurse's smile was thin, trembling. Pained. And for some reason—she kept glancing down at his stomach.

Ivan's breath stuttered. His hand shifted, barely, against the sheet.

The door burst open.

Till rushed back in, his face stricken. He dropped to his knees at Ivan's bedside and caught his hand in both of his own, squeezing so tightly Ivan could feel the tremor in his bones. Till's smile mirrored the nurse's: brave, broken, trying not to collapse.

"It's okay," he whispered, voice rough and trembling. "It's okay. We'll always stay together."

Warmth poured from him. His pheromone filled the air again rain and earth and iron, blanketing Ivan in a suffocating reassurance. It made his body want to surrender, even as his mind screamed.

Doctor Jacob followed inside. His face was grim, his voice steady.

“He deserves to know.”

“Not now,” Till snapped, an edge of command beneath his Alpha pheromone. The air thickened, warm and heavy with the grounding scent of rain-soaked wood and iron. It wrapped Ivan, urging him to breathe, to let go, to rest.

But the doctor didn’t waver. He stepped closer, eyes heavy with inevitability, and spoke words no one could ever prepare for.

“You had a miscarriage. The baby didn’t make it. You were bleeding internally after the car hit you—”

The room froze.

Till’s face contorted in fury. “That’s enough!” His voice cracked as he grabbed the doctor’s sleeve, dragging him back.

But Ivan wasn’t listening anymore.

What?

No. That didn’t make sense. He was an Alpha. He couldn’t—

The faint sweetness in the air. The nurse’s eyes on his stomach. The wrongness in his body.

Oh.

That was him. His scent. An Omega's.

His breath hitched. He lowered one trembling hand to his abdomen, fingertips brushing the bandaged flatness there. His own touch felt foreign, like he was touching someone else's skin.

Mine and Till's child… didn't survive.

Till's child and mine.

'Ours.'

Something sharp ripped through him, jagged and merciless. It wasn't only grief—it was something deeper, rawer, as if a piece of him had been carved out before he'd even realized it was there. He gasped, but the air wouldn't reach his lungs. His chest constricted, spine locking tight.

He couldn't breathe. He couldn't—

Hands clutched his shoulders. Voices broke around him, Till's especially, frantic and cracking. The pheromones flooded heavier, desperate now, trying to anchor him, to soothe.

But Ivan barely felt it. His vision blurred, black spots creeping in. Tears burned his eyes and finally spilled, blinding him.

It's not mine, he thought savagely. *This grief isn't mine. It can't be. It must be his—this body's. Not me. Not me.*

The lie didn't hold. The pain was too sharp, too complete.

A sound bubbled from his throat, unfamiliar until it broke out fully—laughter. Loud, ragged, spilling over itself in agony. It echoed off the sterile walls like madness.

The nurse recoiled. The machines beeped warnings. Till's grip shook.

Ivan laughed because the alternative was to drown. Laughed because the universe was cruel enough to give him another life only to watch him ruin it before he understood it.

I see.

Laughed because he had managed to break two lives now, two bodies, two chances.

This must be a terrible dream, he thought, hysteria flooding him as his throat tore with the sound.

No.

This is hell.

His laughter collapsed into choking sobs he couldn't control.

Chapter End Notes

Doctor Jacob… that was not very professional of you. □♂□□♂□

So… how was it? *coughs*
Waaaahhh!!! it's going to be happy! Like really, truly happy in the end, I swear!! Ehemm… ʕ ̊„□.„ ̊ʒ

Chapter 2: Lullaby

Chapter Summary

> He frowned faintly, then turned to them—his voice quiet, almost polite.
>
> “Why isn’t she breathing?”
>
> Everyone froze.

Chapter Notes

> Hallo reader-nims, how are you?? I’m back with an update for the fic! I’m really sorry for keeping you all waiting for so long. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure to finish this together with all of you, and hopefully, this time, Ivan will finally stop torturing himself.
>
> I truly, deeply want to express my love and gratitude for every bit of support you’ve given me. In this chapter, I hope I can still capture how people grieve in their own different ways. Thank you so much for staying with me through this. Please enjoy. ٩(ꈍ ᴗ ꈍ)۶

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He couldn’t remember when the crying had stopped.

It just… thinned, like rain turning into mist.

The room still pulsed with pheromones. Till’s pheromone—thick, damp, desperate. It coated the walls, the floor, the very light in the room; it tried to make calm out of chaos, to build a harbor around Ivan. He could feel it vibrating through his ribs, a warm ache that kept him from floating away. Till was shouting—at the doctors, the nurses, at no one in particular. His voice cracked against the walls, but even the echoes sounded kind. He was trying to hold the world together with sheer panic.

Ivan barely noticed. His own pheromones hung weaker, faint and suspended, a tired sweetness that wavered and dulled. It was instinct;

his body trying to answer, to steady Till, even while his mind drifted elsewhere.

The edges of the world kept slipping. The lights blurred. Voices came and went shouting, sobbing, pleading—but none of it made sense. He felt the tug of a memory he couldn't reach, the echo of a song he'd once known, a child's song maybe, its last note held too long.

I've been here before, he thought distantly. At the end of the song.

Someone was still crying, maybe that was Till. Maybe that was him.

Then, suddenly, the noise broke.

Ivan blinked, his lashes sticky. Through the film of tears he hadn't realized were there, he saw people gathered near the door: doctors, nurses, faces pale and wet, whispering things he didn't catch. They parted slightly, and in the middle of them—carried carefully in shaking hands—was a small bundle.

The nurse who stepped forward looked hollowed out, her eyes rimmed red. She moved slowly, as if walking through water, and she held the bundle against her chest with reverence.

When she reached Ivan's bedside, she hesitated. Then, gently, she lowered the child into his arms.

Ivan didn't think. He just held her.

He'd never held a baby before, not once, but somehow his hands knew how to move. One arm curved beneath the weightless body; one hand supported the head. The tiny blanket was warm from the nurse's touch, soft against his wrists.

Maybe it was instinct.

Maybe it was because she was his.

Or… *the other him's*. The one who'd lived here before him.

He looked down.

The child's face was pale, perfect. Her mouth a faint curve, her lashes fine and light. She looked like Till, the same slope of the nose, the same quiet brow, the same ghost of a smile that had always undone him.

So *fragile*, he thought. Too easy to break.

He watched her chest, waiting for the small rise, the flutter of air. Nothing.

He frowned faintly, then turned to them—his voice quiet, almost polite.

"Why isn't she breathing?"

Everyone froze.

He looked at them dead in the eye, his tone calm, curious. "Is that

normal?”

He asked it like he didn’t cry earlier when the doctor announced she was gone.

He asked it like he truly didn’t know.

The question was genuine—terrifyingly so.

Till’s eyes widened. His breath hitched, caught in his throat. He opened his mouth, then closed it again, no sound coming out.

Ivan blinked at him, confused. His gaze was too clear, too steady, as if he couldn’t understand why everyone suddenly looked like they were about to fall apart.

The silence stretched thin—until Doctor Jacob stepped forward quickly, his voice gentle but firm, breaking through the air before Till could speak.

“Why don’t you hold her for a while, Ivan,” he said softly. “Just… hold her.”

Ivan looked back down at the child, brows drawn faintly in thought, and nodded once.

“Till…” His voice cracked, soft and slow, like testing the sound for the first time.

“Look. Our child. She’s so beautiful, just like you."

Till froze at the foot of the bed. His face was a ruin—eyes swollen, lips trembling. When he spoke, his voice shook. “..She.. is..” The words fell

apart at the end, breaking into silence.

Ivan smiled. It wasn't forced. It was real in a strange, quiet way, like something that came from deeper than sorrow. His thumb brushed across the baby's cheek, tracing the cool softness there. He hummed, very softly, a tune he didn't remember learning.

Doctor Jacob's voice was a whisper. "Would you like to be alone with her?"

"Yes," Ivan murmured.

Till hesitated, then pressed his lips to Ivan's forehead. His steps were uneven as he left the room; he paused just outside the glass, his shoulders shaking. The doctor touched his arm, murmuring that in moments like this the only mercy is to let the grieving hold on for as long as they need.

Inside, Ivan hummed. The tune came from nowhere, simple and circular. A lullaby he had never learned. Each note wavered but stayed. He rocked the small weight in his arms, clumsy but steady, the way exhausted parents do when there is nothing left except motion.

'Hush, my little child

And drift into your dream

A place where you can leisurely play

Our paradise'

He hummed as if she were only asleep.

He hummed as if she were still breathing.

He hummed until the sound blurred into the rhythm of the machines and the world felt suspended again.

Outside the glass, Till watched, one hand pressed to the pane, his face turned toward the small, impossible family that grief had built. He watched until the doctor guided him away, his pheromone thinning behind him like a fading song.

Ivan kept humming, his eyes half-closed, the melody soft and uneven —

a lullaby for a child who would never wake,

and for the man who was too tired to break any further.

'Hush, my little child

It's time to go to sleep

And in this moment

There's only a sad moon'

The service ended three days later, under a sky that couldn't decide if it wanted to rain.

Till had never known silence could weigh this much.

The child's name was never written; the headstone only said *Beloved.*

People came anyway. Luka brought lilies. Sua clung to Mizi's hand. Hyuna stood beside Till's mother, Io, both of them trying not to crumble in public. There were too many tears for a baby who had never drawn a breath, yet every one of them wept as if they had known her laugh.

Till kept his hands locked together. His pheromone was too loud already—warm pine, metal and smoke. It kept leaking from him, grief trying to make itself useful. He wanted to hold Ivan's hand, but Ivan was a step away, his expression polite and far away, eyes too calm for a man who had just buried his child. That calm frightened Till more than the crying ever could.

When the small casket was lowered, Till's chest folded in on itself. He told himself to breathe, to remember what Dr. Jacob had said: *Whatever he does, it's part of the process. People grieve differently. This is a great loss, his body remembers even if his mind doesn't. He's been through trauma. Disassociation is normal. Give him time.*

But the way Ivan stared at the earth—quiet, blinking slow, as if watching his own ending—it made Till's stomach twist.

And then, for one impossible second, Till thought he saw understanding pass through Ivan's face.

The faintest frown. The way his lips parted as if he wanted to say *is that me?*

Till almost asked, but the soil hit the wood and the sound ended it.

When it was over, he drove them home in silence. The windshield wipers clicked even though there was no rain. He kept glancing at Ivan in the passenger seat, his posture upright, his expression calm, hands folded neatly in his lap. The faint sweetness of his pheromone

still clung to the air, too fragile, too light, a ghost of what it should've been.

Home.

At least, that's what Till called it.

The streets looked familiar, but the signs were wrong. The skyline tilted in subtle ways, like a dream trying to copy reality but forgetting the details.

The apartment was larger than he remembered. Too clean. The smell of pinewood cleaner mixed with warm bread. The same location as his old home, the same number on the door—but the shape of the hallway was different.

Inside, faint traces of a life lingered.

A folded baby blanket on the couch.

A half-written grocery list on the fridge.

A framed sonogram photo by the window.

Ivan stared at it. His own reflection looked back—pale, thinner, eyes ringed with exhaustion—and behind that reflection, a faint outline of a man and a child who had never made it this far.

He walked through the rooms in silence.

Till followed at a distance, voice soft, careful. “You should lie down. I’ll cook something, okay?”

Ivan nodded automatically.

The smell of warm pine filled every corner. Till’s pheromone seeped into the walls, wrapping the apartment like a heartbeat.

They shared the same bed that night. Till kissed his cheek, slow and trembling. Ivan let it happen.

It felt wrong.

Wrong, because it was almost normal.

The kind of normal that came with repetition, with years. He could feel it in the way their bodies fit, the muscle memory of shared comfort—like this was how it was supposed to be.

But not for him.

He wasn’t the Ivan this body remembered. He wasn’t the one Till had loved through laughter and routine and pregnancy and heartbreak.

He was just… occupying what was left.

A ghost in borrowed skin.

He could feel the wrongness in his bones, humming under his skin.

This body had loved Till for years; it remembered every shape of affection.

He was merely living inside it—an intruder rehearsing intimacy.

And yet, when Till whispered goodnight and the faint pine scent filled his lungs, he wanted to pretend. Just for a moment, he wanted to believe this had been his life all along.

That he hadn't died. That he hadn't broken everything.

Later that night

He woke to silence. The house was still, except for the faint creak of the ceiling and the hum of the refrigerator.

He sat up slowly, breath caught in his throat. His eyes drifted toward the empty corner of the room, where the baby cradle used to be.

He could still smell her—that faint sweetness that wasn't quite his own, a leftover echo of the child who should have lived.

Ivan stared at his hands.

I'm forgetting her already, he thought.

The child. Their child.

The thought made his throat close. Disgust rose like bile—not at Till, but at himself, at the emptiness where grief should be.

Without realizing, his lips parted.

And then he hummed.

The same lullaby.

Soft. Circular. Unconscious.

He didn’t notice he was doing it.

He didn’t notice the ache in his chest ease slightly with each note.

He didn’t notice the way his pheromone—faint and warm—spread through the room, curling along the walls like memory.

Maybe it was instinct again, maybe grief, maybe the other him bleeding through the cracks. The melody filled the quiet like a heartbeat.

From the other room, Till froze mid-step.

He stood there in the dark, hand pressed to the wall, listening. His chest constricted as the tune reached him—the same one Ivan had hummed in the hospital, the same rhythm he used to sing to her when she kicked in the womb.

He sank down to the floor, back against the wall, trembling.

Neither of them said a word.

Only the song continued —

a lullaby for a child who was gone,

and for two souls who no longer knew which one of them was still alive.

'The gentle wind

Writing its symphony

As breath sinks deep

My longing's still not answered

Without a word

You will embrace

The endless sea that sings'

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter, I cant promise for it to become lighter. I know this one is still quite short, and I'm really sorry about that. Honestly, I still don't know how to make this fic feel light, and sometimes I'm not even sure what to write anymore. But I'll keep my heart open—because Till will be strong and Ivan will be happy.

I've read your comments and I know some of you still have questions and confusions. I also saw the one who asked for a playlist, I haven't organized it yet, but I will soon, and I'll share it with you.

I really hope you'll stay until the end. I promise it'll be worth it. I love you all so much!! You can find me on Twitter or StrawPage.

A little heads-up.. all my other fics and updates might come out slowly since college has been keeping me really busy (and yes, college sucks). But please, give me your patience once more.

Please tell me what you think of this chapter, reader-nim. ◝□ʚ□ɞ◜
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Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!